Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband comes to wooe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the aire doth driſle dew,
But for the Sun-ſet of my brothers ſonne,
It raines downe right.
How now, a Conduit Girle? what ſtill in teares?
Evermore ſhowring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitſt a Barke, a Sea, a winde:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares; the Bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will over-ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife.
How? will ſhe none? doth ſhe not ſhe give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
(Unworthy as ſhe is) that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that's meant in love.
Cap. How now? how now? chopt logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Miſtris minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, doe not anſwere me,
My fingers itch: Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt
That God had lent us but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heaven bleſſe her,
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nurſe. I ſpeake no treaſon.
Fa. O Godigeden.
Nurſe. May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravitie o're a Goſſips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wife. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull, and nobly alli'd,
Stuft (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man;
And then to have a wretched puling foole,